

happiness. She looked at her work-basket, to see if there were anything which might divert her thoughts. There was a doll which she was dressing for the bar of the "Female Character Society," but the satin gauze seemed perfectly untractable; they would not look well, and that never changing smile on the face was more than she could endure. She flung it back again

She wished she had taken some time to do a little housework; it was been a truck for some poor woman or little ragged child, she thought it would fix her attention. Then she wound up her machine and sat down to read the paper. She was glad when it ceased. Even the pages of a favorite periodical which had just been laid upon the table, were not devoured with eagerness as usual. She was not able to find anything that interested her; all she had to do was to turn over the leaves like a book, and no customary eager to browse. The truth was her womanly pride was aroused, and even in her solitude she would carry on a imaginary conversation with herself. It is thus that all utter loneliness of spirit which is the communion with herself. She was glad when well known to announce her friend, and she started up, saying, with a smiling smile, her affection to him.

other) 'I thought I would just run over and see what was the result of your experiment.' Did you see what I told you?"

"I did."

"And what did your husband say?"

"He said, 'very well, my dear, then you can go without your kisses'."

"If I cannot then you intend to do so."

"But what can I do," said Elinor despairingly, "I like my kisses as well as he does, and of course I cannot now take back what I have said."

Elinor felt that moment as if she would never advise any one again, but she smiled as she said, "Then, *persevere*, my friend, and a few days will show you that I am not mistaken. I think now much more pleasant it will be to have the kisses without the smell of tobacco, and

meanwhile, she roughly added, covering the candles and lamp, and then she turned with those eloquent testimonials of affliction.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Reed-Williams had never looked more beautiful than she did that evening when her husband returned. Her face was pale, but more than usual solicitude about the shade of a ribbon or the adjustment of a curl, but it shone; looking glowing, effervescent, and neat and placid, she would have been the envy of an ordinary observer. She started nervously as he entered, but she controlled herself and greeted him kindly and calmly as usual.

"Why dear, what is the matter?—are you ill?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear husband," exclaimed Eunice in the fulness of her heart; "you have not been smoking to-day, have you?"

Days passed and the young wife felt happier than she had ever felt before, and her heart's love poured its tenderness even to his favorite cigars, and to her case.

"One evening as he sat by her side she thought he seemed unusually depressed, and her cheerfulness faded and her care began to show itself. She tried to restore his wonted gaiety. "She said not the cause, but she almost felt as if she had been selfish in existing such a snifter as she knew it was." "At last," she said, "I think I must have a cigar." No word of protest or delay stayed his course, and he soon returned. "I have got one bunch, and they will soon be gone, and then I will bring you another." He took up the pack in his hand, but he could not

appointment, anger or love, but a most marvelous calmness. He was about to retire to his study, where he generally indulged in the luxury of smoking. He then recalled him-
"Will you not stay with me?"

"I thought," said he hesitatingly, "I thought Anne was very disagreeable to you. I should like to be more at home with her if I thought of my husband's company, and Emeline," he gently drew him back into the room, and placing a luxurious rocking chair for his reception, "I shall be obliged to you to sit here."

He then selected two cigars from the lighted one and placed to his husband's lips, and performing the same operation with the other, commenced pulling away. In the gravity of an old man's smile, he said, "I have had the same unperceivable coolness for several months."

attempt, and she still smoked as if it had been a habit of years.

A long bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, he flung the remnant of his cigar into the grate, exclaiming: "Eureka, you have won the day - if you will leave off smoking, I will."

"Certainly, I always insist that I love you; but how can I do better smoke this bunch, it is a pity to waste."

"No, we will keep them in remembrance of our mutual promise."

"The new fad here is thinking so fast smoking how much does you give for these cigars?"

"Three cents a piece."

"And you smoke four in a day, that is a moderate allowance, is it not?"

"It is."

[illegible]

"I have not understood it yet. We must go and see Mrs. Ellison to find out, and then I shall be ready to see you."

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ready for the fair of the 'Female' (Charitable Society), but the snow storm accused perfectly correctly, and she was obliged to stay at home. She never changing smile on the face was more as she could endure. She flung it back again and she heaped up the linens, boxes and bits of work, and she was obliged to go to bed. She wished she had taken some more useful work; it it had been a book for some poor widow or little ragged child, she thought it would have attracted more attention. Then she would up her maid and she went to bed, and she fell asleep as glad when it passed. Even the pages of a favorite periodical which had just been laid upon the table, were not devoured with eagerness as she had expected. She had not been long asleep when her feet ached so she had no satisfactory cause to suspect. The truth was her womanly pride was aroused, and even in her solitude she would not have been so ready to sleep, but she still lingered thus in that utter loneliness, and she was thus in communion with herself. She was glad there was still a few left to announce her friend

"What are you plotting?" he asked. "I was about to call you a cheater!" I thought I would just run over and end that was the result of your experiment. Did you say what I told you?"

"And what did your husband say?"

"He said, 'Very, very, very bad, then you cannot do without your kiss.'"

"Of course then you intend to do so?"

"Yes, yes, yes, and *König* despairing—"

"I like my kiss as well as he does, and of course I cannot now take back what I have said."

"I never felt that moment as if she would never advise any one again, but she smiled as he said, 'Then persevere, my friend, and a few days will show the result. If you succeed, think how much more pleasant it will be to kiss me than to kiss any other man.'"

"I will give you as much more as you wish in the meanwhile," she roughly added, covering the cheeks, and lips and brow of her friend with kisses.

Mr. Reed Williams had never looked more beautiful than he did that evening when he returned. Perhaps there had been more than usual solicitude about the shade of his hair, and he had been especially careful, looking glasses twice or three, and neat and clean. He had been told that a complimentary word would not proclaim the fact to an ordinary observer. She started nervously as he entered, but he only smiled, stroked himself and greeted her with a calm and pleasant smile.

"Well, my dear, said he advancing gently, I have not been smoking to-day."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear husband," she said, "I am glad to hear it. I am sure you will never smoke any more, will you?" and her pleading eyes were turned to his with an expression that amply repaid him for the sacrifice.

Thus passed and the young wife felt happier than she had ever felt before, for her heart's love had relinquished even his favorite cigars, and for her sake.

"I will be a great deal obliged to you if you will
 to restore his wanted paper. She did not at first
 the cause, but she almost left as if she had been
 selfish in exacting such a sacrifice as she knew
 must have a great deal to do with it. She
 must have a great deal to do with it. She
 to stay his course, and he soon returned.
 have got one lunch, and they will soon be
 He looked up in her face, but he could
 read the expression there. It was not grief,
 appointment, anger or love, but a most
 his colours. He was about to retire to his
 of smoking, but a soft tone recalled him.
 "Will you not stay with me?"
 "I thought, said he hesitatingly, "I thought
 of my duty, and I thought I should be
 "It will be more disagreeable to you, if I deprive
 of my husband's company, said Emily.
 "He gently drew him back into the room, as
 placing a glass of sparkling claret for his refreshment.
 "I thought, said he hesitatingly, "I thought
 of my duty, and I thought I should be
 "It will be more disagreeable to you, if I deprive
 of my husband's company, said Emily.
 "He gently drew him back into the room, as
 placing a glass of sparkling claret for his refreshment.

lighted one and placed to her husband's lips, and performing the same operation with the other, disconnected nothing away with the gravity of an experienced doctor. But, having finished the two, she felt a certain coolness for several minutes. I looked every instant to see her give up and stooped, and she still sucked as if it had been a ball of yarn.

"What is happening into an uncontrollable fit of laughter," he flung the remnant of his cigar into the grate, exclaiming, "Smoking, you have we the day if you will leave off smoking, I will be certain, I always imitate those I love; and you, my dear, better smoke this beach, it is so good to waste."

"No, we will keep them in remembrance of our mutual passion."

"But, my dear, I have been thinking, as I am smoking, how much do you give for these cigarettes?"

"Three cents a piece."

"And you smoke four hundred, that is a most

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